

[WHOLE NO. 226

A SARATOGA OLD MAID.

The old maid, who has just driven by in a private carriage is a character. She was a great belle in her day, and, being as befringed as well, had offers enough to suit

any responsible woman, but she looked for perfection and a husband—the consequence is, she has found neither. This suitor smoked, that one chewed, this one did not speak good French, and the other spoke bad English. So then she rode alone in her carriage, single and turned out

some lines whereof she is the subject. I am aware that some one else has written something in the same vein, about a "Wreath of Roses," but still no one can accuse me of plagiarism—the metro is like that, but you will notice that the ideas are not at all similar:

She wore a robe of muslin
The night that first we met—
Her little feet were mousing
Beneath her coatpet;
Her dress had all the lightness,
Her air the stylish tone,
That marks a belle at twenty,
With a fortune all her own.

A skirt of rustling satin
When next we met she wore,
The spread of hoops and whalebone
Was greater than before,
And standing near her side were men
Who wooed, but wooed in vain;
She sent them all to Coventry,
And they went—on a train.

Yet, once again I saw that form—
No sighing swains were there—
A Summer rose had faded,
Shut out from sun and air;
I saw her but a moment,
Yet, thinking I had seen

With a poodle in her carriage,
And a wrinkle on her brow.
There, as Ben Johnson said to Sylvester
that may not be poetry; but I'll swear it's
the truth.

owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand

merable wild and savage animals. Often a night was the farmer aroused from sleep by a noise without, which told that brui was storming the sheep-pen or pig-sty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky

did they roll a large log against the door and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, un-

A resident of that place, Mr. H——— was one autumn engaged in felling trees

the son, eight years old, was in the habit while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, and often going where his father was at work. One day after the frost had nipped the trees of the

foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual and started for home. Just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves; without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when, what was his astonishment

moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replacing the leaves, and conceal himself among the bushes to watch the result. After waiting

tant howl, quickly followed by another till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, giant, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening closely followed by the whole pack.

The leader sprang directly on the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw this deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground,

him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot. When they finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest, and disappeared; within

a wolf was to be seen. The excited father pressed the child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy, after playing till he was weary, had laid down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the

wool had bound him, covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself had furnished the repast.— *Woodworth's Cab. Lib.*

One of Lincoln's Stories.

upon the North at this time, and the feeling of the latter in regard to the matter. He said it reminded him of a dispute that once occurred between his two younger boys, Tom and Bill, a pair of mischievous rogues of eight and ten years. One of them had

toy which the other wanted and demanded in terms emphatic and boisterous. At length he was told to let his brother have it in order to quiet him. "No, sir," was the sturdy response, "I must have it to quiet myself."

AVARICE.—"If a man had two rivers of gold, he would still desire a third; and if he had three rivers of gold, he would still desire a fourth to be added unto them. Neither can anything be found sufficient to satisfy the stomach of a covetous man."

“Just put that back where y
look it from!” as the Irish lass said wh
young Rory snatched a kiss.

his neighbor's prospects, used too short fuse, and got blown up himself.